

Spring 2019

Fruit Chapel

Olivia Claire Zorn
Bard College, oz8001@bard.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_s2019



Part of the Religion Commons



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

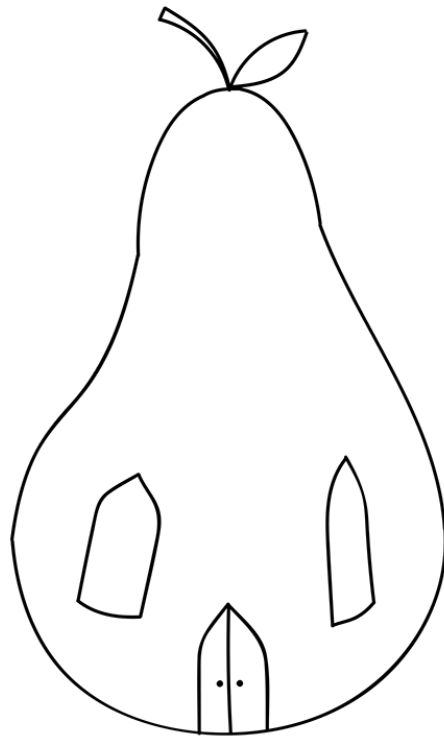
Recommended Citation

Zorn, Olivia Claire, "Fruit Chapel" (2019). *Senior Projects Spring 2019*. 52.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_s2019/52

This Open Access work is protected by copyright and/or related rights. It has been provided to you by Bard College's Stevenson Library with permission from the rights-holder(s). You are free to use this work in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights. For other uses you need to obtain permission from the rights-holder(s) directly, unless additional rights are indicated by a Creative Commons license in the record and/or on the work itself. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

Fruit chapel

by Olivia Zorn



a senior project in photography

May 2019
Bard College

I like to think photography is secretly an act of sun worship. It makes me laugh to imagine all the famous white men in photo-history proudly making pictures about big ideas they're proud to have conceived, when little do they know, the sun god controls everything they see and they are its most faithful missionaries, distributing imagery of the sun's light.

One day, I thought, what if I am the first follower of a religion that doesn't exist yet? What would my religion look like? Assuming this fantasy to be true, I became as pious as can be. I turned my home into a chapel and I ritualized my life.

I'll happily call myself a sun-worshipper, but there are a few things even more sacred to me than sunlight. Animals, women, trees. The earth. Vulnerable living things I need to protect. I often feel confused and offended by Christianity. Why would God save Isaac from sacrifice but allow a ram to be killed instead? Why would he let Mary raise his son destined to die, knowing she would have to endure the sorrow?

I collected the materials I could find (thread, pushpins, some old tissue paper) and I built altars everywhere, even in the most inconvenient places. I sanctified my windows and doors, tables and floors, and mid-air space with fruits and vegetables for nourishment, flowers for sympathy.

This is my chapel where I have gathered a massive amount of fruit and other precious objects for the living things that are sacred to me. These are my non-violent, sacrificial offerings brimming with art symbolism, sympathy, and whimsy. I did not pick these fruits from nature. These altars are also for the fruit plantation workers who did.

I think it's endearingly illogical to leave food offerings for beings who can't eat them because they're transcendent, not present, or mouthless. I can't stop marveling at the tiny sugar sculptures made by nature. I can't stop taking pictures of fruit.







































